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GENERAL GRANT.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

REV. BISHOP C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

[Delivered at the Grant memorial services held in the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., August 8, 1885, by special direction of the Mayor and city authorities.]

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MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-CITIZENS, COUNTRYMEN: Six years ago in September, California, the golden-haired maiden of the setting sun, on behalf of her sister commonwealths, welcomed through the Golden Gate, from his triumphal march round the world, the greatest living son of the great Republic. Yonder bay swarmed with a fleet flowering with flags and freighted with freemen; yonder shores puffed and thundered with rejoicing cannon; yonder hillsides and housetops quivered with human faces. Through these streets, covered with flags and shields, a quarter of a million of people crowded, and shouted their welcome to the hero from Appomattox. From beyond the desert and from beyond the mountains, from all the hills and valleys beneath the stars and stripes, fifty millions of free citizens answered back our shout. California will never forget that Saturday. Fellow-citizens, how changed are our surroundings on this Saturday! Yonder bay is quiet as a midnight in the mountains; yonder cannon sleep, like the disciples, as if for sorrow; yonder hillsides and housetops are as barren as the desert. Those streets mourn beneath their sable drapery; and the thousands of our citizens march, with muffled drums and trailing flags, to join the stricken nation at the grave of our hero. Federal and Confederate officers. Northern and Southern cities, republican and monarchical governments, men of all faiths and of all trades, princes and peasants, war-worn veterans and little children, unite in the common sorrow. Badges of mourning are displayed in all the capitals and cities of the world. England's army and navy float the Union jack at half-mast. Her muffled drum-beat encircles the globe. By the instinct of the people, her bands forbear their joyous notes, and join in the universal dirge; and Westminster Abbey, crowded with the renowned of the kingdom, rings with eloquent and unstinted praise, from her great preacher, gladly bestowed upon this modest man, once a "leather-seller of Galena." From all lands, and over all seas, come the throb of sympathy and the sob of sorrow. For General Grant belongs to the race, and the world will be lonesome without him.

We recall with pride that he walked these streets, a fellow-citizen, away back in the early "fifties"—almost a "forty-niner." We remember with grateful hearts that his love for this new land never waned, and that he said, in the directness of his constant candor: "The only promotion that I ever rejoiced in was when I was made Major-General in the Regular Army. I was happy in that because it made me Junior Major-General, and I hoped when the war was over that I could live in California. I had been *yearning* for the opportunity to return to California, and I saw it in that promotion."

There is a place yonder in our Coast Range, called "Sky Land," where, surrounded by clear sunlight, one may look down upon the mists of the Pacific, and see the coast line and the nestling towns and cities. Before us to-day rises another peak, Mount McGregor. It towers above the cloud line. It pierces the eternal silence. It is clothed with undimmed light. It is crowned with the splendor of spotless purity. It is blessed with perpetual peace. It is hallowed with the divine footsteps; for there the good man has met his God. Let us ascend that mount, and, exalted above individual interests, sectional strifes and party prejudices, let us reverently study the great character before us, and be thus enlarged by his greater measurements, steadied by his firmness, strengthened by his integrity, inspired by his patriotism, and adorned by his simplicity.

The scaffolding in which this great God-called, God-anointed, God-smitten life was builded is easily presented. Ulysses S. Grant was born of Jesse Root Grant and Mary Simpson Grant (pious, fighting, Scotch blood), April 27, 1822; entered the Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1839; graduated June 30, 1843, and immediately assigned to the Fourth Infantry; entered Mexico as Brevet Second Lieutenant, under General Taylor, in May, 1846; was in his first battle, at Palo Alto, May 8, 1846; married to Miss Julia B. Dent August 22, 1848; came to California in 1852; resigned July 31, 1854; experimented for a time for a living as a coal-dealer, real estate auctioneer and farmer; returned to his father's home in Galena, Ill., in 1859, where he clerked in a leather store till the firing on Sumter. In April, 1861, he was a clerk in the Governor's office, Springfield, Ill.; was made Colonel of Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers in June, 1861; Brigadier-General, July, 1861; Major-General, 1863; Lieutenant-General, March 9, 1864; General, July 25, 1866; elected President of the United States, November, 1868, and November, 1872; went around the world in 1877-79. At 8 o'clock and 10 minutes, Eastern time, July 23, 1885, he received his supreme promotion.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground,
His silent tent is spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

This rude scaffolding contains a most majestic and magnificent structure. It is too new, and we are too near it, to give it a just and generous

award. The stone-cutters in the Parthenon were blinded by the dust of the chiseling, so they could not comprehend the symmetrical and imposing temple that had alighted from the brain of Ictinus upon the hills of Athens. But all the centuries since have seen it. So we are blinded by the dust from the little blocks at which we have been chiseling. We can poorly appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of the structure which has been buildd in our midst and before our eyes.

We must, this day, recount some of his achievements. Look at the adversary against whom we sent him into the arena. Four months after the firing on Sumter the Southern Confederacy seemed as firmly established as if it had stood for centuries. It had more territory than any state in Europe, save Russia: larger than the empire of Napoleon at its best, with a fertile soil filling the marts of the world with products which the world must have; with thousands of miles of water front, where all the fleets of the earth could anchor; with vast mountain ranges, with their impenetrable fastnesses; with marshes and bayous that could swallow all the armies of strangers that might venture into them; with vast regions more wild and difficult of access than was Gaul to the legions of Cæsar: with a brave and warlike people, born of the conquering race, counted by millions; with leaders of great ability, and renown, and confidence; with munitions of war the most perfect and abundant; with a resistance against the Federal forces that had been nourished and strengthened for three generations; with millions of obedient and devoted slaves who had supported the people in luxury for a century, and could support them in the frugalities of camp life for ten centuries; with out-spoken friends in every court and cabinet of Europe; more important stil, with a great host of friends who had done the bidding of the South for years in every State and community of the North—the Confederacy, thus planted, manned, armed, equipped, lead, inspired and encouraged, rose at once as a mighty nation into the midst of all the nations of the earth. It was the most widely extended, most numerously accepted, most thoroughly organized, most solidly compacted, most ably officered, most lavishly enriched, most intelligently defended and most terribly purposed rebellion known to history. Against this colossal power, crouching among the jungles of the South, fattening on the poisonous exhalations of a hostile climate, and under the burning edge of a tropical sun, we sent forth our captain from the leather store of Galena, into a struggle that could be ended not by any possible treaty, but only by the utter destruction of the enemy. In four years he marched from Paducah to Appomattox, threading every river and brooklet, wading every bayou and marsh, scaling every mountain and hillock, walking every beach and landing, seizing every harbor and inlet, sinking every ironclad and gunboat, taking every city and hamlet, conquering every army and legion, capturing every officer and soldier, utterly annihilating the colossal structure

of the Confederacy, till the amazed nations of the earth wondered at the nightmare that had held them, and hastened to make peace with the chief-tain who had disappointed their hopes.

Every step of this man's long march for the rescue of the Republic is worth most careful study. But in the brief time proper for this service only a few things may be recalled and relived. Paducah, his first engagement against the Rebellion, showed the presence of the great General as certainly as did Mission Ridge. Quickly done, even before authority reached him from Fremont, it opened the Ohio river and quieted the talk about neutrality in Kentucky, and furnished Grant's first important public document, in which he distinguished between acts and ideas, soldiers and citizens.

Donelson, which Grant called "our first clear victory," marked a new era in the issue between the North and the South. It transformed the strife from a parade into a war. It demonstrated the ability of raw Western volunteers to endure and win, under any circumstances, when properly led. It sent North thousands of prisoners, more than had ever been taken at once in any field since the surrender of Ulm to Bonaparte. It broke the strategical line of defense of the sacred soil of the South. Immediately Bowling Green was abandoned. Nashville surrendered without a blow. Impregnable Columbus, which held the Mississippi and threatened the Ohio, was deserted, Missouri was secured, Kentucky was practically freed from invaders, and Tennessee was restored to the Union. Well might this battle, where we learned about "unconditional surrender," give new spirit to the army and the country, and turn all eyes upon the silent soldier whose form and face will never be forgotten.

Vicksburg was called by Jefferson Davis "the Gibraltar of America." It is situated on a plateau two hundred and fifty feet high, surrounded by ravines and marshes and the Mississippi river. The strategic campaign of the war was for its capture. The dark days of the war were from January 2, 1863, after the repulse of Sherman on the Yazoo, to July 4, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered. These were the days that taxed the faith of public men and the patriotism of private citizens. These were the days when Grant's supreme military genius and magnificent qualities of character were displayed. The campaign was designed to dismember the Confederacy, and open the Mississippi for national uses. It must be done before the end could be reached. Done, the end must follow. Grant set himself about it in the one campaign which he afterward, in the quiet review of more perfect knowledge, pronounced "the campaign which I do not now see how to improve."

In the first eighteen days of May, 1863, Grant, pushing toward Vicksburg, won five important battles, took forty field guns and nearly 5,000 prisoners, killed and wounded 5,200 of the enemy, separated the Southern

armies, aggregating 60,000, captured one fortified capital city, destroyed the railroads and bridges, and made the investment of Vicksburg complete, and sat down to reduce the stronghold by siege. This taxed him more than anything he had yet done. The tide was running toward the Confederacy. Grant and Sherman, with their invincible Western fighters, had been checked and foiled. The Army of the Potomac was continuing its defeats and its experiments in commanders. Ohio and Pennsylvania were terror-stricken at the advance of Bragg toward Louisville. The Confederate armies were advancing everywhere. The peace-at-any-price party in the North were gaining victories in the elections. European writers pronounced the Union destroyed, and mankind relieved from a dangerous republic. France stretched forth a helping hand to monarchical ambition in Mexico. England was growing rich in building hostile ironclads, and in blockade-running, and in buying Confederate bonds. Ambassadors from Richmond scorned our representatives and intrigued against them in every court of Europe. Confusion prevailed in Washington. The Government was unpopular. The North was divided. The national credit was nearly gone; gold reached almost 300. The tropical sun was marching up from the south to reinforce the Confederate armies. Surely, these were weighty reasons for the speedy capture of Vicksburg. No mortal can measure the pressure on Grant as he bent his energies to the task in hand. Pemberton, with his brave warriors inside this Gibraltar, menaced him in front. The wise and skillful Johnston, with an increasing host of 40,000 strong, threatened his rear. Entrenched on both sides against two powerful armies, far away from his friends, in the heart of the enemys country, he went patiently about the work. Night and day the operations of the siege were pushed. Parallels and trenches were opened at every available point, batteries were planted, heavy guns from the fleet were borrowed and mounted on land duty, roads were made, siege materials were prepared, mines were sunk, and towers for sharpshooters were built. Across the gulches, and through the ravines, and round the hillsides, and up to the very walls, day by day, and night by night, the encircling lines of burnished steel and fire made their remorseless way. Pressed by the awful gravity of the situation, slandered and maligned by open and concealed foes in the North, distrusted by nearly all in Washington save Lincoln and Stanton, this silent, unwavering man pushed his way up to the very gates of Vicksburg, and on July 4, 1863, pushed them open, never again to be closed against the stars and stripes. This campaign, exhausting all the inventions and appliances of the most perfect war science, had had no equal since the campaign of Hannibal against Rome, and, standing alone, would stamp its author as a military genius of the highest order.

It was in acknowledgment of "the almost inestimable service done" by Grant for "the country" in this campaign that Lincoln wrote the famous

letter, which did such justice to Grant and honor to Lincoln, in which he said: "When you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

Chattanooga and Mission Ridge soon followed Vicksburg, and Grant, silent, modest, simple, with a glorious record, went over the mountains to take charge of the war. He had captured 472 cannon, 90,000 prisoners and 100,000 stand of arms. When he asked Mr. Lincoln why he, instead of General Sherman, was chosen for the command of the Potomac Army, which he did not wish, Mr. Lincoln replied: "You are the only man who has fought twenty-seven great battles and gained twenty-seven great victories. The country believes in you, and will bear anything; and the army believes in you, and will do anything."

In this age of vast commercial enterprises, we may underestimate gifts that cannot be exchanged in the mart or put up as collateral on the board. Carthage had a population of 700,000. She had rich dependencies in Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica and Spain. She worked the silver mines of Spain and the tin mines of Britain. She sent vessels into the Baltic, and caravans to the Nile and the Niger. Yet she has furnished for posterity only one great man. That is Hannibal, her great soldier; and his history was written by strangers. Such a man as Grant is worth more to a nation than can be estimated in dollars and cents.

Grant is essentially *great in all great matters*. The qualities of his mind were such that he was moved only by the substance of things. As a student, he won greatest credit in the heavy branches—mathematics, engineering and fort-constructing. In his great campaigns he seized as if by the instinct of an infallible genius the points of advantage. He saw what was to be done. What more important points than Paducah, controlling the mouth of the Ohio; Shiloh, practically guarding Kentucky and Tennessee; Vicksburg, the gate of the Mississippi; Chattanooga, the key to Georgia and Alabama! He saw distinctly, exactly what was to be done. He said to Bismarck: "We were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him; no convention, no treaty, was possible—only destruction." This clear statement contains the secret of his war policy, and made his brilliant career only a question of time and opportunity.

In the East he set himself to destroy Lee's army. He said: "The problem of the war is not to take Richmond, but to destroy the military power of Lee's army." He said to a friend, as he went out to confront Lee: "It is a question of numbers and supplies. Lee has 100,000 men; I have 150,000. I shall kill as many of his men as he does of mine. By and by he will have 50,000 and I will have a 100,000. Then I shall capture him." And he did. He says in his report as Lieutenant-General, July 22, 1865: "From an early period in the rebellion, I had been impressed with the idea that *active and*

continuous operation of all the troops that could be brought into the field, *regardless of season and weather*, were necessary to a speedy termination to the war. * * * From the first I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the rebellion was entirely broken. I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy. * * * Second, *to hammer continuously* against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until, by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but submission to the Constitution and laws of the land." These profound convictions dictated his famous statement to General Meade: "General Lee is our objective point."

General Lee was the favorite general of the South, and his army the center of the military power of the South. So, when General Grant took command of all the armies of the Union, he formed one plan, covering all the country and reaching every officer and soldier. Every soldier had his face set toward Lee's army. Meade on the Rapidan, Sherman on the Tennessee, Butler on the James, Sigel in West Virginia, and even Banks in Louisiana, were to push on from whatever direction, against whatever obstacles, toward Lee's army. Thus, from the day he left the Rapidan, it was a constant, persistent, desperate, resistless purpose, at all costs, to wipe out Lee's army. A repulse was nothing provided it had cost the enemy a fair amount of men to produce it. The order was simple, "Fight along the whole line!" From Spottsylvania, after six days of awful fighting, he telegraphed Secretary Stanton: "*I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.*"

After thirty days of "*continuous hammering*" he had so wasted Lee's army by attrition that retreat within the defenses of Richmond was a necessity. Then followed the gathering in of all the great armies, till, at Appomattox, everything gave way before the continuous hammering of Grant.

It is difficult to comprehend the vast numbers which this man handled and met. The Confederacy had, at its best, January 1, 1863, 750,000 available men. The Union available force was 1,500,000. The North sent into the service during the war 2,656,553. History certifies no such armies. Napoleon raised in France, during three years, only 1,200,000. Alexander fought his great battle of Arbela with 60,000 men. Hannibal started from Carthage with 102,000, but he reached Italy with only 26,000. Napoleon had only 72,000 men at Waterloo. Grant took 75,000 prisoners in Virginia alone, and killed and wounded nearly as many more.

The quality of these armies is as important as the quantity. Since Waterloo the modes of warfare have been revolutionized by the invention of better weapons. Before Waterloo Frederick lost in his battles 0.1842 (per cent); the Austrians, in seven battles, 0.1117; the French, in nine Napoleon battles, 0.2238; all parties at Waterloo, 0.40. Since that battle the Germans, in eight

battles, have lost 0.11; the Austrians, in two battles, 0.08; the French, in nine battles, 0.08; the English, in four battles, 0.10. In our civil war, in eleven battles, the Union forces lost 0.1289, and the Confederate forces lost 0.1416. Modern wars have furnished no soldiers with the courage and endurance of these Americans. These great armies were made of the best metal. They could endure continuous hammering and go into a spiral scabbard.

Any just estimate of Grant's abilities must include proper notice of *his endurance of assaults and misrepresentations*. He is the best abused man in American history. He seems to have marched straight up to the highest positions without a single faltering step; and he did. But it was in spite of the most bitter and constant and malicious detractions. He advanced as the ocean steamer does, in spite of the tides and the storms. Every step of his way was gained in spite of bitter opposition from men who ought to have helped him. After Fort Donelson his chief gave the credit to an inferior officer, recommended an unknown man for promotion, removed Grant from his command, and put him, practically, under arrest. After Corinth, where he defeated Johnson and Beauregard, and drove back the Confederate advance in the west, he was neglected, criticised, maligned. Through the long campaign against Vicksburg every effort was made to supersede him. This would have been done but for the hard sense of President Lincoln, who said: "I rather like the man, and I guess we'll try him a little longer." Through all his public life he was slandered and maligned almost beyond human endurance. Yet, through it all he remained the same patient, silent, magnanimous, patriotic man.

I once asked him, "Why do you endure so silently? The people will believe what you say." He replied: "Perhaps my habit of silence was confirmed (if it needed confirming; it is naturally strong) more by a story told me by Henry Clay than by anything else. Clay was anxious for the Whigs to carry Kentucky. A certain mountain district was needed, so Clay's friends persuaded an old planter, a high-minded, honorable man, who had never touched public life, to accept the nomination for the Legislature, with the promise that he should have nothing to do with the campaign. All went well till a short time before the election, when a company of Whigs called on this old planter, and told him that his opponents were saying that 'when you gather in your hogs in the fall you are not quite careful enough to gather in only your own.' 'What! do they accuse me of stealing hogs?' 'Well, not exactly, but that you are not careful enough.' 'It is a base lie.' 'Yes, we know that; but the voters at the other end of the district do not know it.' 'Well, I will go down and tell them'; and that he did." Grant asked Clay how it came out. Clay said, "Oh, they carried the district by about the usual majority. They proved it on him." Grant added: "This story has greatly affected my political life. Suppose I deny their falsehoods; it will

not take long to find witnesses to swear to them. Then the case apparently goes to the public on the evidence. No; I do not fear falsehoods."

Nothing has more surprised the nation and the world in this simple, silent, plain man than his wondrous speeches and productions. He proves to be a most delightful, instructive and fascinating conversationalist. He meets every occasion, all the world round, with exactly the right speech and the appropriate action. Smalley of the *Tribune* says: "I never heard a more perfect speech of its kind than his Guild Hall speech." He speaks everywhere, yet seldom repeats himself. His style is terse, clear, and in the best English.

His letters to his subordinate commanders are models of simplicity and clearness. There are no places for questions. No man of our time, not even President Lincoln, has coined so many ringing sentences, that must pass current as long as the English language is spoken. Who can forget his reply to General Buckner at Donelson, "No terms other than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works"; his telegram to Stanton from Spottsylvania, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"? His telegram, while President, to an officer in New Orleans who was reporting in detail every order he gave, rings like the old orders—"Put down the rebellion, and report afterward." We remember his statement during one of his visits to the South, when the colored people crowded to see him, and wanted to touch him. The guards kept them back. Grant said, "Let them come; where I am they can come." We shall not forget the benediction at the end of his inaugural, "Let us have peace."

If the accurate apprehension of the entire case, a clear conception of the course to be pursued, and a wise adjustment of means for the ends to be reached; if the forming the most comprehensive and far-reaching plans, the combination of varied campaigns in one majestic system, the selection of exactly right men for each subordinate place, the accurate determination of what might be done by each army and division in a given time so as to bring them to a common point at a given moment; if the control of the largest armies the world ever saw, the fighting of the greatest number of great battles without a single defeat, the conquering of the greatest hosts of the best fighting race known to history, the taking of the greatest number of prisoners ever taken in a single war, marching armies through a hostile country farther than Napoleon marched going to Moscow, and farther than Hannibal marched in coming into Italy; if the patient and uncomplaining endurance of the most malicious representations, without being turned aside one moment from the great work entrusted to him, nor from the most generous magnanimity even toward maligners, where the requirements of the public service would permit, walking on in sublime and silent solitude, unmindful alike of pestering assaults and Parthian arrows; if to write orders

and reports aggregating volumes, under all the disadvantages of camp life, and in all the weariness of marches, sieges and battles, and to produce contributions to current literature, and volumes of standard and permanent history, and put them into the purest and best English, with the simplest and clearest construction, destined to a place among the classics of the language; if to speak to the most varied audiences of peasants, farmers, merchants, bankers, statesmen, cabinets, monarchs, all the world round, always showing an accurate knowledge of the subject in hand, and perfect mastery of the situation, winning golden laurels in all fields—if these unprecedented achievements, wrought with the steadiest hand and most unchanging countenance ever seen in public affairs, never doubting before the greatest difficulties, never shrinking under the heaviest burdens, never fearing in the midst of the greatest perils, never exulting over the greatest triumphs, never being elated by the greatest glory, never flinching under the most intense suffering, remaining always the same simple, quiet, reposeful man; if, according to God's standard—judged by “deeds done in the body”—these things are to be estimated in the measure of greatness, then we are compelled to acknowledge that we are in the presence of the greatest military genius of all time, and one of the very few greatest characters of all ages.

It is difficult to analyze the character of General Grant, because it is so simple and so complete. It is like a sphere approached from any side; it seems always to project farthest toward you. Try to divide, and each section is like all the rest. Cut through it, and it is all the way through alike. We can only catalogue his distinguishing characteristics. His leading characteristic in mind is practical reason; in will, firmness; in moral nature, integrity; in religious nature, loyalty to duty; in emotional nature, love of family, fidelity to friends, and sympathy with humanity; in faith, New Testament Christianity; in manner, simplicity; in bearing, dignity; in scholarship, a mastery of English and of his calling; in achievement, a military genius; in the abiding motives for action, patriotism; in poise, absolute courage; in general make-up, preternatural endurance; and in all things, *a man*—“the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, ‘*This is a man!*’” aye, and such a man that, taken “all in all, we shall not see his like again.”

One must think of *integrity* whenever Grant's name is mentioned. It is the foundation of his great nature. Even in his campaigns you search in vain for anything to start the question whether it is ever right to deceive. He went South to destroy and wipe out from the face of the earth the Southern Confederacy, and he went straight at it. He did not even like strategy. It was repugnant to his genuineness. He said to General Meiggs: “I do not believe in strategy, in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as possible with as little loss as possible. Then it is, ‘Up, guards, and at them!’” When he did not wish

to tell anything he did not tell something else; he simply kept silent.

He said, late in life, that he never tried but once in his life to do an expedient thing, for the sake of party, against his judgment. That was concerning the inflation bill. He wrote a message trying to satisfy himself that it was right to sign it, and so save the Republican party in the West. All his Western friends were urgent, but he could not satisfy his convictions; so he wrote another message vetoing the bill. This absolute integrity, absolute honesty, absolute loyalty to the convictions of duty, cannot be over-emphasized among us. Show me a man with this loyalty to truth, and I will show you the highest type of man. He is certain to become a Christian man in the substantial and only abiding sense of the word. "There is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Loyalty to this light finds always that it grows brighter and brighter, even unto the perfect day.

I know of no sublimer picture than that of General Grant, advanced in years, having been betrayed by friends, handing over his fortunes and his home, with the treasures and gifts of a grateful world, to a man who could not possibly need them, simply because it was honest; taking on his arm his wife, and walking with her again down into poverty, and there sitting down with a bandage about his aching head, and a horrible and mortal disease clutching his throat, patiently, uncomplainingly, with his pen, earning daily bread for his family. My heart feels a great ache when I look at him who had saved us all when we were bankrupt in treasure and in leaders, and see him thus beset by woes and wants. But I am reconciled to the strange providence when I see the "Form of the Fourth" in the furnace, and see that he has added to all his other gifts to us and our children this magnificent example of honesty and his "memoirs." History furnishes no sublimer picture. General Grant was the truest man we ever saw.

Grant embodied firmness. He could not be other than firm with his clear convictions of duty, and with his stout, fighting Scotch blood, which had been marching for five hundred years under the old clan motto, "*Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure.*" These old Scotch chiefs asserted themselves whenever Ulysses got into the thick of the battle, and the crisis threatened to turn the wrong way. Then he was more resolute and unwavering than ever. It gave supreme quietness to his *courage*. He could stand in the face of the most terrible storm of death, and never show the slightest concern. There are only three characters known to history who were absolute strangers to fear. They are Lord Nelson, and John Brown, and General Grant.

This firmness, guided by his intelligence, made him *self-reliant*. This is essential to manhood. No man ever is very strong who is not self-poised. At Belmont, when an officer, in alarm, ran to him, saying, "General, we are surrounded," he reassured all by saying, "Then we can cut our way out

as we cut our way in." After Belmont, though an unknown brigadier, he telegraphed to Halleck: "With permission, I will take and hold Fort Henry." After tardy permission came, he telegraphed to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

After the battle of Five Forks, Grant, wrapped in his blue overcoat, sat out in front of his tent, awaiting news from Sheridan. Two or three staff officers sat with him in the wet woods. Presently a messenger from Sheridan said, "Five Forks is won!" Grant listened, went alone into his tent, wrote an order, sent away an orderly, and, coming out, remarked, quietly, "I have ordered an attack all along the line." His whole career is full of these displays of his greatness. After Corinth, Buell criticised him for fighting with the Tennessee river between him. He said, "You could not retreat." Grant said, "We did not want to retreat." "But your plans might have failed, and you had transportation for only 10,000 of your 40,000 men." Grant replied, "By the time we would have retreated the transports would have carried all there would have been left of us."

It is refreshing to study this man's *patriotism*. He offered his services to the Government in Springfield over and over again, only to have them refused. At last he was granted a place at a clerk's desk, and rejoiced that he was doing something for the defense of the country. After Shiloh he was stripped of all command, and practically put under arrest. Yet he did what he could to aid his superiors. After he was again restored to the service, he wrote General Halleck: "I will again assume command, and give every effort for the success of the cause. Under the worst circumstances, I would do the same." His soul burned with unabating zeal for the country. When starting on his journey around the world, he said: "I believe firmly that if our country ever comes into trial again young men will spring up equal to the occasion; and if one fails there will be another to take his place." Again he said: "If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of one man, we should not have a country. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and their fields as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country."

No man more clearly than General Grant saw the one supreme figure of the war—the *common soldier*. He has dedicated his "Memoirs" to "the American soldier and sailor." As we look upon the luminous history of this struggle, the first form that comes out of the smoke of battle and rises in the chariot of fire before our weeping eyes is that supreme patriot—the *common soldier*, who, at the first tap of the war drum, sprang from the couch of his ease and the home of his comfort, armed amid the gathering darkness of impending peril, took a hasty farewell of his wife and loved ones, and went forth to hunt for masked batteries in the darkness, and to die, if need be, rather than survive his imperiled liberties; who actually bared his bosom to

storms of iron and rows of glistening steel; who did press over the breast-works, and rush across slippery fields, and stand mute under hostile guns; who did actually stand in death's highway that the Republic might be saved. We do see, first of all, and, in the impartial judgment of infinite equity, *above* all, the supreme patriot of the war—the COMMON SOLDIER. Honor to whom honor is due. Grant said: "The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the result of the war as those who were in command."

The luster of this great man is increased by his *love of peace*. He said in Guild Hall: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace." He said to the Peace Society in Birmingham: "It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general on the other side of the Atlantic; but there never was a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword." Listen to his words to Bismarck—"The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier; I take little interest in military affairs; and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars, I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." I remember how he emphasized his satisfaction over the treaty of Washington, by which the Alabama claims were settled without a war. He said to me: "I regard that as the first of a long series to follow which will ultimately supersede war. England and the United States are so far advanced that such settlements are possible. Soon Germany will join in this policy. When two or three more nations come up to this level they will not allow the other nations to go to war." How simple he made the way appear for the coming of that time when wars shall be no more!

There is no side of this wonderful character that does not charm us as we study it. Through all the changes of his most eventful life he remained the same simple, modest, tender, sympathetic man. He was too great to waste his strength in ostentation. His gentle nature was drawn to little children, and they ran after him in our streets, and clung to him in our homes. He was as *magnanimous* as he was great. When necessary, he ordered Sheridan to "lay waste the valley of Virginia," and he treated the problem of the war as a question of killing so many of the enemy. Yet we see him writing to Lee, beseeching him to save the armies from further slaughter. And we see him giving terms to the vanquished that captivated the captured and amazed the world. Only the other day he directed his publishers to put Rosecrans' picture into his book, saying, "I will not allow any personal feeling to enter into such a matter." To-day, as the Union and Confederate soldiers mingle their tears over his bier, and recall his greatness, there comes up one voice from the sunny South, that vast battle-field, saying, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

It hardly seems necessary to proclaim General Grant a Christian. It goes without saying after such a life as his, so quiet, so gentle, so just, so so full of integrity, so rich in Christian faith and in saving work. Those who knew him most intimately never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. Sweet water does not flow from a bitter fountain. He was a regular attendant upon church. He told Senator Stanford that he never had a doubt of the immortality of the soul. He was a firm believer in Divine Providence. He said to Mr. Lincoln, in the presence of his Cabinet, when he received his appointment as Lieutenant-General, speaking of the performance of his duties: "And I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the *favor of that Providence* which leads both nations and men." When he was Colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteers, he gave all the aid possible to secure the uniform observance of religious services. As his mess gathered around the table, he said: "Chaplain, when I was at home and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home, and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat." You all remember those simple words written on a card the other day, when he could not use his voice, and handed to a Catholic priest who called on him, expressing the strongest faith in all the denominations based upon the Scripture, of the Old and New Testaments, and gratitude for the prayers of all Christians.

A tender and touching word to his son, Colonel Fred. Grant, comes to us out of his fatherly heart, showing what estimate he placed upon right living. He says: "I had rather see you suffer as I suffer now than see you abandoned to any vice." We are fully prepared to read his words to Dr. Douglas about his willingness and readiness to go hence:

"If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur. I should prefer to go now to enduring my present suffering for a single day, without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear kind expressions toward me, in person, from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, all religions and no religions, of Confederate and National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. So, to you and your colleagues, I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things."

July 16th: “* * * After all that [signs of improvement], however, the disease is still there, and must be fatal in the end. My life is precious, of course, to my family, and should be to me if I could recover entirely. There never was one more willing to go than I. I know most people have first one and then another little thing to fix up, and never get quite through. This was partially my case. I first wanted so many days to work on my book, so that the authorship would be clearly mine. It was graciously granted me, after being apparently much lower than I have been since, and with a capacity to do more work than I ever did in the same time. My book had been done so hastily that much of it was left out, and I did it all over from the crossing of the James River, in 1864, to Appomattox, in 1865. Since that I have added as much as fifty pages to the book, I should think. There is nothing more to do, and, therefore, I am not likely to be more ready to go than I am at this moment.”

As President, in 1876, he wrote to some Sunday-school children in Philadelphia: “My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor to your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book are we indebted for all progress made in our true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. ‘Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.’”

A few weeks ago, April 18th, he said to his pastor, Dr. Newman: “I believe in the Holy Scriptures, and whoever believes their teachings will be benefited thereby.” Dr. Newman asked him what his supreme thought was when all thought him dying, and he said: “The comfort from the consciousness that I had tried to live a good and honorable life.” And among his last utterances he said: “I pray that we may all meet in a better world.” This carries us up to the border of the unseen country. The great, calm, resolute, upright soul marches peacefully into the unknown, and stands wondering and adoring in the Eternal Presence. The light of gladsome rest lights up the warworn features. And we, with all the civilized families of man, stand, in tearful and sobbing silence, with the bereaved family, around the deserted camp of the old warrior. Unexpectedly, as his habit was in his great engagements, the works of the last enemy are flanked, and we have a communication to his wife, so sweet and tender that we forget the soldier, and our sorrowing hearts cling to the husband and father, as his letter to his wife comes back to us.

“Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more that one of them would depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given any cause for alarm on this account, and I earnestly pray that they never will. With these few injunctions,

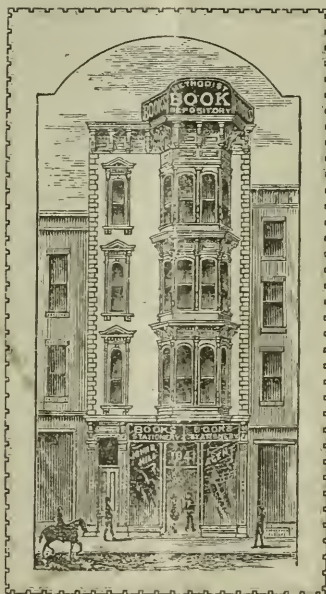
and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, and of their dutiful affection, I bid you a final farewell until we meet in another, and, I trust, a better world. You will find this on my person, after my demise."

He approached death like a philosopher. Socrates, with the hemlock in his hand, was not more thoughtful. He entered into the last struggle like a warrior. Leonidas at Thermopylæ was not more determined. He triumphed like a Christian. Iraeneus, at the stake, was not more confident. Sure of his rest in the skies, let us take one glance at his place in human history. I turn to the past. It is full of warriors. But among them all I see no Grant. I do see Napoleon, "grand, gloomy and peculiar, a sceptred hermit"; yet over his fields of glory, and over his throne, I read, "Selfish Ambition." I see great Cæsar, of majestic stature, but beneath his feet is the dying Roman Republic, and on his sword I read "*Merciless Despotism.*" I see far back on the summit of the Alps stout old Hannibal, but the dusky warriors that obeyed his command were marauders, living on spoils; and the spirit that spurred him to deeds of historical splendor was *merciless and revengeful hatred*. But here stands Grant, on the summit of his unprecedented deeds, in the solitude of his exalted character, rooted and grounded in the "arduous greatness of things achieved"—a soldier, who conquered a great people, and ennobled them by the moderation with which he used his victory; a ruler who healed the wound in the breast of the nation and made its people one, by the impartiality of his administration; a citizen, who walked fame's most illustrious heights, with such unaffected simplicity that the humblest citizen is drawn up to nobleness by the magnetism of his example; a patriot, who wrought for freedom with such exalted devotion, that even the vanquished rejoice in his triumph. There he stands, with Washington and Lincoln, on the dome of these centuries, loved by his countrymen, honored by mankind, and to be remembered and emulated till the latest generation.

Friends, countrymen, brothers, from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, and from all lands under the stars, let us cling, *let us cling* to the memory of Grant till it warms us and melts us and moulds us into oneness forever.







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